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Heartsease
for those

Looking
toward

Sunset



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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

HEARTS-EASE

FOR THOSE

LOOKING TOWARDS SUNSET

Selections

BY ✓

MARY G. CHENEY

||



NEW YORK

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

31 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET

1887

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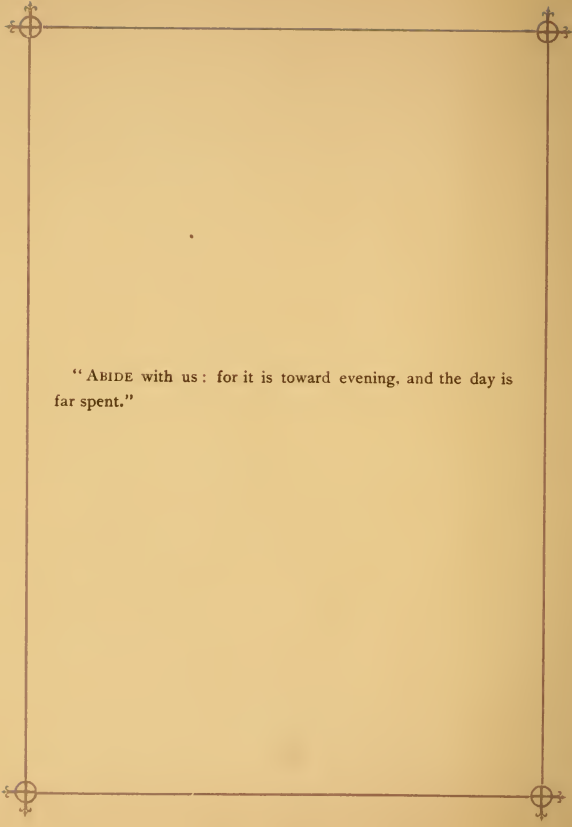
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A rectangular border is drawn with thin lines. At each of the four corners, there is a decorative ornament consisting of a circle with a cross inside, and small horizontal and vertical lines extending from the circle's edges.

TO MY MOTHER,
THESE FEW LEAVES ARE INSCRIBED.

M. G. C.

A rectangular border is drawn in a dark brown color. At each of the four corners, there is a decorative ornament consisting of a circle with a cross inside, and small flourishes extending from the top, bottom, and sides of the circle.

“ABIDE with us : for it is toward evening, and the day is
far spent.”



HEARTS-EASE

FOR THOSE

LOOKING TOWARDS SUNSET.

AND stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of Heavenly destiny.

WORDSWORTH.

FEAR not the westering shadows,
O children of the day !
For brighter still and brighter,
Shall be your homeward way.
Resplendent as the morning,
With fuller glow and power,
And clearer than the noon-day
Shall be your sunset hour.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

BLESS me, even me also, O my Father.

GENESIS, xxvii. 34.

THE INDIAN SUMMER OF LIFE.

IN the life of the good man there is an Indian summer more beautiful than that of the seasons ; richer, sunnier and more sublime than the most glorious Indian summer the world ever knew—it is the Indian summer of the soul. When the glow of youth has departed, when the warmth of middle age is gone, and the buds and blossoms of spring are changing to the sere and yellow leaf ; when the mind of the good man, still vigorous, relaxes its labors, and the memories of a well-spent life gush forth from their secret fountains, enriching, rejoicing and fertilizing ; then the trustful resignation of the Christian sheds around a sweet and holy warmth, and the soul assuming a heavenly lustre, soars far beyond the winter of hoary age, and dwells peacefully and happily upon the bright spring and summer which await within the gates of Paradise evermore. Let us strive for and look trustingly forward to an Indian summer like this.

HIS spirit to my spirit
Sweet words of comfort saith ;
How God the weak one strengthens,
Who leans on Him in faith :
How He hath built a city
Of love, and light, and song,
Where the eye at last beholdeth
What the heart had loved so long.

PAUL GERHARDT.

ABIDE with us ; that we may see Thee in every-
thing, and everything in Thee. Our joys and
our successes will not hurt us if Thou art in them.
Our crosses and sorrows will not lie heavily upon
us, if Thou art in them. Let us grow older under
the charm of Thy Presence. In time of sickness
and need, let us not have Thee to seek.

JOHN PULSFORD.

AND the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee ;
He will be with thee, He will not fail thee,
neither forsake thee : fear not, neither be dismayed.

PSALM xxxvi. 8.

WHAT can I do, but trust Thee, Lord ?
For Thou art God alone,
My soul is safer in Thy hands,
Father, than in my own.

F. W. FABER.

TO grow old is quite natural : being natural it is
beautiful ; and if we grumble at it, we miss
the lesson, and lose all the beauty.

FRISWELL.

BUT, Lord, to-morrow,
What of to-morrow, Lord ?
Did I not die for thee ?
Do I not live for thee ?
Leave me to-morrow.

C. G. ROSSETTI.

THE shining of the Lord's face—ah ! whoso
hath been bathed in that radiance divine
need not envy the seraphs that burn in the Ineffa-
ble Presence. The shining ! It is everywhere that
faith is.

IF I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made.
Thou canst no more not hear, than thou canst
die.

GEORGE HERBERT.

MY heart is fit to break,
With love of all Thy tenderness,
For us poor sinners' sake.

F. W. FABER.

YOUR poor tired mind need have but one
thought on the journey—"The Father Him-
self loveth me!"

WE are growing old ;
Going on through a beautiful road,
Finding earth a more blessed abode ;
Nobler work by our hands to be wrought,
Freer paths for our hope and our thought.
Because of the beauty the years unfold,
We are cheerfully growing old.

LUCY LARCOM.

FORGET not my need Till I have gained
Of Thy Fatherly pity, The Heavenly City.

JERUSALEM and Galilee—
Thy love embraced not those alone,
But also me,
Thy little one.

Lord, as Thou me, so would I Thee
Love in pure love's communion,
For Thou lov'st me,
Thy little one.

ROSSETTI.

EVERY state and change of my life, notwithstanding my sin, hath opened to me treasures and mysteries of love; and after such a life of love, shall I doubt whether the same God do love me? Did He love me in my youth and health? And doth He not love me in my age and pain and sickness? Did He love all the faithful better in their life than at their death?

BAXTER.

BE near me in mine hours of need,
 To soothe, to cheer, or warn,
 And down these slopes of sunset lead
 As up the hills of morn.

WHITTIER.

LET your constant prayer be, "Hold Thou me
 up, and I shall be safe." Let your daily pre-
 cept be, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He
 careth for you." And then leave God to fulfil, as
 most faithfully He will, His own gracious precious
 promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

AS year unto year is added,
 And the twilight of life shall fall,
 May we grow to be more like Jesus,
 More tender and true to all.
 More patient in trial, more loving,
 More eager His truth to know,
 In the daily paths of His choosing
 More willing in faith to go.

CLARA B. HEATH.

AT evening time it shall be light.

ZECH. xiv. 7.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

I WAS reading the other day, that on the shores of the Adriatic Sea the wives of the fishermen, whose husbands have gone far off upon the deep, are in the habit, at eventide, of going down to the sea-shore, and singing the first stanza of a beautiful hymn; after they have sung it, they will listen till they hear, borne by the wind across the desert sea, the second stanza sung by their husbands, as they are tossed by the gale upon the wave, and both are happy. Perhaps, if we could listen, we, too, might hear on this desert world of ours, some sound, some whisper borne from afar, to remind us that there is a heaven and a home; and when we sing the hymn upon the shores of earth, perhaps we shall hear its echo breaking in music upon the sands of time, and cheering the hearts of those that are pilgrims and strangers, and look for a city that hath foundation.

DR. JOHN CUMMING.

ART thou afraid to trust Him,
Seeming so far away ?
Wherefore then not keep closer—
Close, as He says we may ?
Wherefore then not walk beside Him
Holding His blessed hand ;
Patiently walking onward
All through the weary land ?

ANNA WARNER.

IN my Father's house there are many mansions.

ST. JOHN, xiv. 2.

SAYS a venerable divine : " As we advance in life, so many whom we loved and honored are translated to the other side, it seems sometimes as if Heaven would be more familiar and home-like to us than earth. We do not go when we die to a land of strangers, but to one where scores of our best friends are occupying mansions, in which they will welcome us as cordially, and entertain us as hospitably and lovingly as they used to in their earthly homes."

LEAN on Jesus, and He will rest you. Live for Jesus and your soul shall mount up as on an eagle's wing ; you shall run and never weary, you shall walk arm in arm with Him and never faint.

T. L. CUYLER.

T IRED? No, not tired !
While leaning on His breast,
My soul hath full enjoyment
Of His eternal rest.

THE youthful John, leaning on the bosom of his Lord, seems a saintly character. But we do not discover the strength of a full-grown and triumphant spirit until we have seen the aged John at Patmos. Banished and alone, stricken with full ninety years, he could not be banished from the presence of his Saviour, or despoiled of his immortal soul growth.

I N the life to come, which fades not away,
Every love shall abide.

EVEN to your old age I am He, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you ; I have made, and I will bear ; even I will carry, and will deliver you.

ISAIAH, xli. 4.

GOD'S presence is enough for toil and enough for rest. If He journey with us by the way, He will abide with us when nightfall comes, and His companionship will be sufficient for direction on the road, and for solace and safety in the evening camp.

MACLAREN.

OF one thing the child of God may be sure : the best things in God's plans for him are still in the future, and if there was any good in the days of old which is now lacking to him, that also shall be restored, or shall be bettered to him.

TRUMBULL.

AND thine age shall be clearer than the noon-day, thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning.

JOB, xi. 17.

HERE remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God. Now blessed be Paul for that one word—rest. It makes one feel like a child in the evening of a summer's day, and it makes one's death-bed as soft to think of as going to sleep.

EUTHANASY.

MY Father's house that I have not seen !
Little I care what its beauties are—
Whether its fields are always green,
Or the hills are golden that gleam afar ;—
Only I know One waiteth there
Whom mine eyes have wearied long to see ;
And the country must needs be wondrous fair
Where Christ the Lord shall welcome me.

SOMEWHERE, safely hidden, lost in light,
Our good country lies—Immanuel's land ;
Earn'd for us and soon to bless our sight.
Anchor'd fast to God, a radiant strand,
O my heart's desire—Immanuel's land.

I WILL be patient now,
 Dear Heavenly Father, waiting here for Thee ;
 I know the darkness holds Thee. Shall I be
 Afraid when it is Thou ?

H. H.

WHAT is our death but a night's sleep ? For as
 through sleep all weariness and faintness
 pass away and cease, and the power of the spirit
 comes back again, so that in the morning we arise
 fresh and joyous ; so at the last day we shall rise
 again, as if we had only slept a night, and shall be
 fresh and strong.

MARTIN LUTHER.

THE friends that started with me, have entered
 long ago,
 One by one they left me, struggling with the foe ;
 Their pilgrimage was shorter, their victory sooner
 won ;
 How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is
 done.

DR. GUTHRIE

THE CELESTIAL CITY.

NOW while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them ; to whom it was said, by the other two Shining Ones, these are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for His holy name ; and He hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, "Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb."

Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it in letters of gold, "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and, behold, the city shone like the sun ; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men, with crowns

on their heads ; palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal. And after that they shut up the gates ; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

“ PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.”

FARTHER on ! How much farther ?
Count the milestones one by one.
No ; no counting—only trusting
It is better farther on !

IN the eyes of the world, old age is the saddest thing to look forward to. Men talk mournfully of “declining years,” of “failing powers.” Not so the Christian ! The gray hairs which so many lament are his crown of rejoicing. If his feet have lost their swiftness, and his hands forgotten their cunning, he cares not ; for the “Everlasting Arms” are bearing him up along the mountain path, and the hands which can no longer work shall be sustained by angels, as he spreads them out in prayer.

BEAUTIFUL gate of Life !
Gate at the end of the way !
Well worth day's toil and strife,
For that hour at the end of the day.

MRS. CHARLES.

NO, you are not going "down hill," you are pilgrims going up and up, ever higher and higher, towards the city which God has prepared for you. You turn round sometimes, and look back along the way you have come, and behold, the setting sun is shining into every corner of it, and lighting up even the dark and desolate spots, into warmth and glow and beauty, and then you go on again, cheered and strengthened by the sight of all His past mercies to you.

L. C. SKEY.

THERE'S nae sorrow there,
There's neither cauld nor care,
The day is aye fair
In the Land o' the Leal.

LADY NAIRN.

HE leadeth on,
 Through the clouds,
 Toward the light ;
 Out of the shadows,
 Out of the night,
 He leadeth on.

I. H. MYERS.

IF this is the only thing foretold
 Of all my future—then I pray,
 That quietly watchful, I may hold
 The key of a golden faith, each day,
 Fast shut in my grasp, that when I hear
 His step, be it dawn, or midnight dim,
 Straightway I may rise without a fear,
 And open immediately to Him !

MARGARET PRESTON.

IT has been well till now, be sure it shall be well
 to the end. You have not a changing God to
 deal with ; remember that. Shall the God of our
 childhood, who nursed us when we could not help
 ourselves, leave us when we come to old age ? It
 cannot be.

SPURGEON

IN the Mussulman devotions, one constant gesture is to put the hands to the east, as if to listen for the messages from the other world. This is the attitude, the posture which our minds assume, if we have a standing-place above and beyond the stir and confusion and dissipation of this mortal world.

ARTHUR P. STANLEY.

ALONE? The God we trust is on that shore,
The faithful One, whom we have trusted
more

In trials and in woes,
Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife ;
Oh ! we shall trust Him more in that new life.

Alone ? The God we love is on that shore ;
Love not enough, yet whom we love far more,
And whom we loved all through
And with a love more true
Than other loves—yet now shall love Him more ;
True love of Him begins upon that shore !

F. W. FABER.

SUPPOSE God were building a palace for you, and had set up a scaffold upon which He wanted you to help Him ; would it be reasonable in you to complain that you didn't find the scaffold at all a comfortable place to live in ?—that it was draughty and cold ? This world is that scaffold ; and if you were busy carrying stones and mortar for the palace, you would be glad of all the cold to cool the glow of your labor.

GEO. MACDONALD.

SOME day, He will tell you why He has tried you, and let you look back upon your life-story and see the golden thread of His fatherly love and care shining over and around it all, not as it is now, winding in and out and only seen by glimpses.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

GOD has never erred yet, either in guiding a star in its orbit, or in directing the chaff from the winnower's hand, and He cannot err in steering the course of one of his children.

SPURGEON.

LET us cling to our Father in heaven, as a child walking in the night clings to his father's hand.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

NO one can ever stray
Who seeks his fatherland on high
Along the cross-marked way.

NO difficulties in your case can baffle Him. No dwarfing of your growth in years that are past, no apparent dryness of your inward springs of life, no crookedness or deformity in any of your past development, can in the least mar the perfect work that He will accomplish, if you will only put yourselves absolutely into his hands, and let Him have His own way with you.

H. W. S.

I DO not myself believe there is any misfortune. What men call such is merely the shadow-side of a good.

GEO. MACDONALD.

PRAYER is the key that God has put into our hands, to put us in communication with the unseen world. We have everything with it, without it we have nothing.

ADOLPHE MONOD.

BUT the vision of God as He is, to see the King in His beauty, is vouchsafed not to science, nor to talent, but only to purity and love.

ROBERTSON.

MANY waters cannot quench His love, neither can the floods drown it." It never faileth, either in time or eternity.

J. WESLEY.

SHALL the gray heads droop and pine when they think of the joys that are gone? No, no. "Look up and lift up your heads, for yours shall be the fulness of joy for evermore." Sweet as are the memories of your past joys, they cannot be compared with the joys that are to come.

L. C. SNEY.

I WILL strengthen thee : yea, I will help thee.

ISAIAH, XLI. 10.

YET, despite the follies and failures,—happy !
For the sins are covered with the hand of Christ. Very low, very unworthy, very shame faced for the life—for the ills we have done, and the good that we have not done—but in spite of all that—
Forgiven !

REMEMBER, there is One upon whom His cross was laid when He was weak, even to faintness, and yet, of whom we are told that without one repining word, “He went forth, bearing His Cross.” He cannot then, although now in Heaven, ever forget that hour on earth, and never does He see a weak and fainting sufferer, upon whom fresh trials are accumulating, and fresh crosses laid, without calling to mind that heavy cross, and that toilsome journey up Mount Calvary, or without stretching forth a hand to help and succor him.

HENRY BLUNT.

THERE is only one kind of sorrow which pains us when we look back at it, and that is the memory of sin. It must be a pain and grief we shall carry with us to the very gates of Paradise, to think of the many times we have grieved our loving Lord, and "put Him to an open shame."

FROM "THE PERFECT DAY."

IT is a terrible and perilous thing to take the work of the training of our souls out of God's hands into our own. The pruning knife in His hands must sometimes wound and seem to impoverish; but in ours it cuts and wounds, and impoverishes, and does not prune. We can indeed inflict pain on ourselves, but God, alone, can make pain healing, or suffering, discipline.

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

YOU know there is a text which says, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Dear friend, will you take this question home, Who has seen Christ in me to-day?

YOU see God is tender—just like the prodigal son's father—only with this difference, that God has millions of prodigals, and never gets tired of going out to meet them and welcome them back, every one as if he were the only prodigal son He had ever had.

ARE you sorrowful? Remember He who is at the Father's side, the Crucified, has in his practical sympathy with you, actually trodden this pathway of yours. That God has seen it is consoling, but that Christ has trodden it is richest comfort. You may see all along the way the blood-stained footsteps of Him who gave His feet to the nails. Right down to Jordan's brink, and through the flood, and up the hither shore, there are the marks of the goings of Him who loved you and bore your sorrows in His own person for your sake.

SPURGEON.

THE law of the Cross is the truth, the rock truth, but only in the person of Christ.

ROBERTSON.

THINK you that your prayers will get what Christ's did not—what you wish? Nay, but something better than what you wish—what God wills. Is that not better? Which was better, that the cup should pass from the Redeemer, or that He should have strength to drink it? The true value of prayer is not this—to bend the Eternal Will to ours; but this—to bend our wills to It. Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

LET us always remember that holiness does not consist in doing uncommon things, but in doing everything with purity of heart.

CARDINAL MANNING.

YOU have travelled with the Lord so long and so far, His word is so plain and so positive, and you have always proved him so true, that you are sure He will *never* fail you. And now, though compassed with infirmities, you can still do little things for Him. Cheer on the younger soldiers, and speak bright words for Jesus.

DOES your spirit faint? The precious promises are a dropping honeycomb, better than Jonathan's. Dip your pilgrim staff into their richness, and put your hand to your mouth, like him, and your faintness shall pass away. Are you overcome by the sultry burden of the day? They are as the shadow of a cloud to bring down the heat; as the cool shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Are you sad? There are no such songs to beguile the road, and to bear you on with gladness of heart. Put but a promise under your head by night, and were your pillow a stone, like that at Bethel, you shall have Jacob's vision. The thirstiest wilderness will become an Elim, with palm trees and wells of water.

C. GEIKIE.

YOU can never see past the Lord, to know where He is taking you; you may just as well close your eyes! His garment spreads over all the road, and what we have to do is to hold a good grip of it, not to try and see beyond it.

MACDONALD.

IF you wish your neighbors to see what God is like, let them see what He can make *you* like.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

DON'T you know that those very infirmities which makes you impatient with yourself, Jesus feels, Jesus commiserates, Jesus will soften ! He that hath carried all thy sins, carrieth also thy sorrows. Doth He not say so ? Even to your old age I am He ; and even to hoar hairs I will carry you.

ROBERT HAWKER.

DON'T trail your Lord's banner in the dust of despondency and gloom ; but as the twilight falls, cling more closely to Him, that you may feel the clasp of His arms about you ; with the child-heart, looking trustingly into your Father's face, take up the refrain of the standard-bearer of old, " Conquering by the sign of the Cross," and with joyful hearts, though it may be with weary feet, you shall enter into the Golden City, conquerors through Him that hath loved you to the end.

M. G. C.

DESERT may not touch His shoe-tie,
Love may kiss His feet.

MACDONALD.

HE can protect you from misfortunes ; but if He wants you to serve Him in trouble, it is because He can make trouble do more for you than prosperity. "Rest in the Lord."

R. W. DALE.

THOUGH God has promised always to guide His inquiring children in the way that is right, He has nowhere promised to make this way *now seem right* to their friends or neighbors, or even to themselves.

HALYBURTON.

LET your prayer be like this : O Maker of me, go on making me, and let me help Thee. Come, O Father ! here I am ; let us go on. I know my words are those of a child, but it is Thy child who prays to Thee—it is Thy dark I walk in ; it is Thy hand I hold !

EVERYTHING wears out but the Lord's love.

YOU have never been forsaken yet. No, and you never will. You have known many believers, you have seen them in deep trials, in strange conflicts, in peculiar difficulties; but did you ever see them forsaken?

JAMES SMITH.

TO prepare for death, is not to chase one bright thing from life's pathway, is not to ignore one strong affection, it is not to give up one true pleasure, or to make believe that a bitter thing is pleasant to take. That is the glorious side of this truth! The Christian watchfulness which our Lord commands, is not a timid, twittering apprehensiveness! It does not mean that we shall constantly be asking in awe-struck whispers, "Is He coming?" "Is He coming?" This watchfulness simply means that we faithfully are doing our every-day duty, every day.

"THE ADVANCE."

GAST me not off in the time of old age ; forsake
me not when my strength faileth.

PSALM lxxi. 9.

IF I were told that I must die to-morrow,
What should I do ?
I do not think that I would shrink or falter,
But just go on
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone.
But rise, and serve, and love, and smile, and pray,
For one more day.
And lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever, " Lord, in Thy keeping
How should I fear ? "

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

HE asks you so lovingly, " Believest thou this ? "
the blessed truth, that death is not death to
the Christian, as men count dying.

L. C. SKEY.

DO not conclude that the promise of God failed because your plan miscarried.

O. P. FITZGERALD.

LET God have you, out and out !

WHAT matter where the region of the dead may be ! Nowhere but here are they called the dead. When, of all paths, that to God is alone always open, and alone can lead the wayfarer to the end of his journey, why should I stoop to peer through the fence either side of the path ? If He does not care to reveal it, is it well I should make haste to know ? I shall know one day, why should I be eager to know now ?

GEO. MACDONALD.

I WOULD sooner walk in the dark and hold hard to a promise of my God, than trust in the light of the brightest day that ever dawned.

SPURGEON.

TO the child of God the best things are always before him, not behind.

“ MESSENGER.”

HOLD fast to this ! When death came to Christ, it was seen to be not the end of life, but only an event in life. It did not close His being, but it was only an experience which that being underwent. He passed into it for love of us, and as He came out from it He declared its nature. It is an *experience* of life, not an *end* of life. Life goes on through it and comes out unharmed. Look at Me ! I am He that liveth, and was dead !

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE light is not blinding because God would hide, but because the truth is *too glorious* for our vision.

TO the strong and beautiful city of Heaven there is but one gate, and no other. Do you know what it is ? Christ says : “ I am the door.”

NOW see what Jesus does for us by His resurrection. Having the keys of death and hell, He comes to us as we are drawing near to death, and He opens the doors on both sides of it, and lets us look through it, and shows us immortality. Not merely He lives forever, but so shall we ; for us, too, death shall be not an *end* but an *experience* ; and beyond it for us, just as for Him, stretches immortality. Because He lives we shall live also !

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

LET me speak to them of my Master. I have served him for more than thirty years ; my head has become gray in His service, but I have never regretted my choice. I have been a poor servant ; I have a thousand infirmities on my head, and sins on my conscience, for which I look for pardon only through the blood of Christ ; but poor servant as I have been, I can stand up this night for my Master, and say Christ has been a good, and blessed, and gracious Master to me.

DR. GUTHRIE.

THY pilgrim staff is bent and old,
Thy sandals poor and worn,
Thy garments gray and travel-stained,
Thy red-cross banner torn.

Yet patient wait—thy pilgrim staff
A waving palm shall be ;
Thy sandals gold, thy garments white,
Thy banner victory.

K. H. J.

WHAT did I hear thee say? “If I should be mistaken! If I should presume!” How can you be mistaken? Do you not renounce all hope in yourself, all dependence on your duties, and do you not trust on Christ alone? Have you not sought His face, relied on His word, trusted in His blood?

JAMES SMITH.

O! MAKE me patient, Lord,
Patient in daily cares ;
Keep me from thoughtless words
That slip out unawares.

FOR I know that my Redeemer liveth.

JOB xix, 25.

HE goes *before!* And so we may not look
Backward at all, but onward evermore.

I. H. F.

PRESUME, didst thou say? Is it presumption to believe thy Saviour? Is it presumption to take God at His word, and give him credit for speaking truth? "Presumption!" It is presumption to doubt when God has spoken so plainly. It is presumption to fear, when God has spoken so positively. It is presumption to want something else to assure thee, when God has said: "He that believeth *hath* everlasting life;" and to you: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou shalt be saved.*"

JAMES SMITH.

LET Him mark you as His by whatever marks
He will.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

BE patient with your pains and cares. We know it is easy to say, and hard to do. But there is no pain or care that can last long. A little while and you shall leave behind you your troubles, and forget in your first sweet hour of rest that such things were on earth. None of them shall enter the City of God.

TRUE the river is wide and deep, and the valley is full of shadows, and your friends must leave you at the river's brink, but never are you *less alone*, than in this last strange stage of your journey to the City of Peace, for God is with you then. Jesus is more close to you than ever before, and where He will go with you, you need never fear to go. Now, at last, is your will perfectly one with His. You have quite ended the warfare against self-will, which has been the hardest trial of your journey. You lie powerless, unresisting, in the hollow of His hand. "Why then should you faint or fear?"

FROM THE "PERFECT DAY."

LET the prospect of a dwelling "in the house of the Lord forever," reconcile thee to any of the roughnesses or difficulties in thy present path,—lead thee to forget the intervening billows, or to think of them only as wafting thee nearer and nearer to thy desired haven.

J. R. MACDUFF.

BUT patience was willing to wait.

BUNYAN.

I CANNOT tell how the living tree gets its flower and fruit from the dead substance in which it is rooted and on which it feeds; how much less can I tell how the wounds, the blood, the death, of Christ give life to the soul dead in trespasses and sin, and clothe it with the fruitage of holiness. Or how can I tell the end of this divine work, when the Giver of spiritual life shall crown it with life eternal? When dust and ashes, this body shall spring from its sepulchre and appear in the glorified body of the resurrection?

C. S. H.

AS an old writer quaintly says, "He leads us in,
He leads us through, He leads us up, He
leads us home!"

BEHOLD upon the land and sea,
In every tribe and nation,
Glad, busy hands are fashioning
The stones for its foundation.
One buildeth here, another there,
Each bringeth precious treasure;
Some bear the load, some place the stones,
Each working in his measure.

K. H. J.

NONE of His servants does He disappoint in
death. All find riches there, more than they
looked for, both in kind and in degree.

F. W. FABER.

BE as a little child. Children have no cares; all
is managed for them, and they rest safe and
happy in their fathers' care.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

KEEP the home near Heaven. Let it face
toward the Father's house.

JAMES HAMILTON.

YOU have walked together through the years
that are past, you and your Saviour. When
the dark days came, it was He who upheld you, as it
was He who made the joy of your "pleasant places."
Do you think He will leave you when the river is
just before you, and the walls of the City are in
view? Nay, for in that hour shall His glorious
presence overshadow thee, and with His own right
hand shall He lead you within the gates, and you
shall be with Him forever at home.

M. G. C.

LEARN that to love is the one way to know
Or God, or man.

JEAN INGELow.

BLESSED are the homesick, for they shall at
last come to the Father's house.

HEINRICH STILLING.

TRULY, it is a glorious thing to follow the Lamb ;
'tis the highway to glory ; but when you see
Him in His own country, at home, you will think
you never saw Him before.

RUTHERFORD.

DO you ask who will meet you in the City so
strange to you ; who will receive you, and
show you its wondrous streets of gold, and the river
clear as crystal which is in the midst of her ? Ah !
a glorious company indeed, are waiting for you on
Jordan's farther side, but foremost of all the shin-
ing throng is He, in whose glorious presence the
others are all forgotten and unseen.

L. C. SKEV.

WHAT a happy meeting and blessed welcome
wait the wanderer at his Father's house.
When one has been long and far away from an
earthly home, what a happy sight to see brothers
and sisters all crowding to the door to bring us in !
What is that but a dim image of what will be seen
at the gates of glory ?

HEAVEN will be no strange place to us when we get there. We shall not be oppressed by the cold, shy, chilly feeling that we know nothing of our companions. We shall feel *at home*.

J. C. RYLE.

AH! the way is shining clearer,
As we journey ever nearer
To the everlasting home ;
Comrades, who await our landing,
Friends, who round the throne are standing,
We salute you, and we come.

FROM THE GERMAN.

LET us then learn that we can never be lonely or forsaken in this life. Shall they forget us because they are ' made perfect ' ? Shall they love us the less because they now have power to love us more ! If we forget them not, shall they not remember us with God ? No trial, then, can isolate us, no sorrow can cut us off from the Communion of Saints.

H. E. MANNING.

PRAISE God the shepherd is so sweet !
Praise God the country is so fair !—
We could not hold them from His feet,—
We can but haste to meet them *there*.

B. M.

THINK of it ! the loving Christ, and the living
Father, and the innumerable company of the
angels, and the unseen compassing about of friends
gone in there !

MRS. WHITNEY.

I ONLY ask to find His blessed arms
My safe retreat.

AND then, there is the bliss of the world to
come, ever brightening, ever growing nearer,
for "The day will never endure so long, but at
length the evening cometh," and in the evening,
you know, people go home and cease from their
labors, and find rest, and take sweet counsel with
their beloved ones.

DROPPING down the eddying river,
With a Helmsman true and tried ;
Dropping down a perilous river—
Mortality's dark river
With a sure and Heavenly Guide ;
Even Him, who, to deliver
My soul from death, hath died ;
O Helmsman, true and tried !

BONAR.

YOU'VE seen the sky all black and covered
with the thick clouds—that's like our sins ;
but—"I have blotted out as a thick cloud, thy
transgressions, and as a cloud, thy sins." You know
how it is, when the wind comes and clears the
clouds all off, and you can look up through the
blue, till it seems as if your eye would win into
Heaven itself. Keep the sky clear, so that you
can always see up straight to God, with never the
fleck of a cloud between. But do you know what
will clear the clouds away? Only the precious
blood of Christ.

WARNER.

BUT the rest *there* as *here*, will be the presence of God, and if we have Him with us, the battle-field will be—if not quiet, yet as full of peace as the night of stars.

F. W. R.

I'M kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and
sore ;
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the
door ;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of
His home !

GUTHRIE.

I'LL tell you what the Lord is—tender to the aged
and the little ones, pitiful to the sick and weak,
abundant in mercy to the sinners, and the Saviour
of them that's appointed to die.

○ FATHER ! bless in love Thy child !
We lay us down to sleep.

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